IN THE OLD VESTRY BOOKS.

QUEER RECORDS OF THE PRE-REVO-LUTIONARY CHURCHES IN VIRGINIA.

Tobacco Was King in Those Days Sexion and Sweeper Paid in Tobacco-Sinners Fined Certain Pounds-The Tradition of the Hunt Brothers and Their Sister. BEDFORD CITY, Va., July 22.-In the vestry pooks of some of the oldest Episcopal churches

of this country-those which antedate the Revolutionary period—may be found much to interest the student of history as well as many valuable data for the future historian. Even those not particularly fond of historical research may find much therein in which to besome interested. Facts which to-day seem strangely out of place in church records are set down in these old vestry books in language so quaint as to irresistibly appeal to our modern sense of humor, while they convey to us warnings and lessons which none of us can afford to

These old yestry books may be unearthed in many of those parts of the country where the . Church of England was the first to obtain a foothold-in those places where it managed to survive the attacks made upon it by the teachings of the Wesleys and Whitfields on the one hand and the popular disfavor engendered by on the other. For instance, it has been claimed for Isle of Wight county, Va., that within her confines may still be found some ramarkably readable vestry literature of the period in question. This claim is probably well founded. But in this respect Isle of Wight county, Va., is not peculiar, since in not a few other parts of the Old Dominion similar records are known to exist. Even outside of the Old Dominion may they also be found, as is evidenced by the fact that the old parish church of St. Mary's, in the little village of North East, Md.-right in the heart of Cecil Calvert's Catholic colony-today possesses vestry records which go back into the seventeenth century, and throw curious light upon the manners and morals of mankind at that day. Up as far as the year

ous light upon the manners and morals of mankind at that day. Up as far as the year 1702 it must be confessed that these records are sadly fragmentary, by reason of the old aburch building, as well as the rectory and almost everything that therein was, having been destroyed by fire somewhere about that year. But from 1702 up until far into the Revolutionary war, the vestry records of old St. Mary's are tolerably complete.

Perhaps it may not be cut of place to state here that the present well-preserved though antiquated church building of St. Mary's, North East, has something more to be proud of than her ancient vestry books and the strange things they tell. It was at St. Mary's that the immortal "Father of His Country" used to worship on certain occasions. Not only Washington himself but his father and other members of his family owned in interest in the Principle Iron Works, situated at no great distance from North East, and when business matters took them to that neighborhood or to the works at Principle they invariably attended divine service at St. Mary's; for Washington and all his people were, at that time at least assidiously devont churchmen of the Anglican cult. Just when this Protestant colony was founded at North East, in the very laws of Catholicism, cannot be exactly determined. It must have existed early in the second half of the seventeenth century, for more than one gravestone in the parish churchyard bears the date of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are figures which, in spite of time's gray and are fi

ond half of the seventeenth century, for more than one gravestone in the parish churchyard bears ithe date of the 1880s and 1600s. Upon one moss-covered gravestone are figures which, in spite of time's cruel ravages, look suspiciously like 1834. But they must represent some later date, since, as almost every-body is aware, the first party of Calvert's colonists did not reach Maryland until 1633.

Tobacco, of course, figures prominendly in the vestry records of old St. Mary's Church, from the fact that it was largely employed as "money" in the early colonial days of Maryland and Virginia. In the church books are many records almost similar to the following, the names of the persons alone being changed: "Susanna Brown has been engaged this Easter Monday to sweep and keep clean the church and the windows thereof for the space of one year, she to be paid 250 pounds of tobacco for her services."

Then again, under the same date, 1704:

James Martin was on this Easter Monday pired as aexton for the space of one year, he to be paid 500 pounds of tobacco for his services or that period. He is to keep the churchyard clean and in good repair, to join audibly in the responses and the singing, to hire all necessary help for digging graves, at the price of 75 pounds of tobacco per grave, and to see to that Busanna Brown does perform her work well and faithfully."

It is worthy of note that Easter Monday was, in far back days, as well as now, the beginning of the business part of the ecclesiastical year. But none of these old records give the faintest hint of the market value, per pound or per hundredweight, of tobacco. Even modern historians are not united upon this matter.

More curious entries than those already given are such as:

"May 3, 1719, William Cowan was directed to be paid the amount of 100 pounds of tobacco with which to purchase a new surpelous isurplice? If or the rector."

And the following:

"Arability of the colonial and the see to the paid to the colonial and the see to the colonial and the see to the pai

And the following:

"Appli 14, 1723. The sexton was directed to expend 90 pounds of tobacco for bread and wine to be used at the Holy Communion."

A large number of the entries in many of these old books—those of St. Mary's and elsewhere—appear to have been made by the Chairman of the vestry, while some are evidently in the handwritings of the rector and of the sexton. They not only record the growth or otherwise. the vestry, while some are evidently in the handwritings of the rector and of the sexton. They not only record the growth or otherwise of the churches, but they often deal in curious and minute details of church affairs and of the moral condition of the community. Laxity of morals and of conduct have often been alleged against communities of the Anglican Church during the colonial period, and, judging from the old records in question, these allegations would appear to be not altogether without foundation. The fact remains, however, that in the investigation into these charges the rector seems to have taken a prominent hand. In those days he was certainly a man who, in his time, played many parts. In addition to being "apiritual pastor and master," he often represented the Government as collector of tobacco dues and other imposts payable in tobacco. He was a rigid censor of morals, and in many cases united under his broad-brim the tunctions of judge, jury and jailor. In the old vestry books are many entries like unto the following, the names of the accused parties being females as often as males:

"To-day there was brought before the rector one named———— on the charge of living a lewd, lascivious and notorious life, detrimental to the morals of the community at large. The accused was fined—pounds of tobacco, and threatened with more serious punishment still if he failed to at once begin to lead a more correct life."

The fines in cases of this kind ranged from

was a pried sensor of mercha, and in many cases index. 11st and 16st. The foll wester places in the many service like units the following, the stream of the control of the stream of the control of the

some distance from the house. On arriving as the farmhouse the soldiers shot the young woman, and after plundering the piace of everything of value, set are to the house and the other buildings about it. Being overtaken by night the soldiers were unable to regain their vessel and accordingly camped in the woods, where they proposed to stop until morning. When the Hunt brothers reached home and found their sister murdered and the place a mass of amouldering ruins they started upon the trail of the marauders, having first armed themselves wilh guns and a liberal supply of ammunition. In due time they reached the soldiers camp; and under cover of night as well as the protection of the trunks of some large trees, the brothers opened fire upon the sleeping men with such deadly aim that in a little more than an hour the "regiment was totally annihilated. Three of the brothers were killed on the spot; the remaining four received such injuries that they survived for a few days only Eight graves are still to be seen on a high knol overlooking the bay, and these are said to be the graves of the brothers and their murdered sister. As so what became of the vessel, reports differ. According to some, those who remained on board when the "regiment" anded also came on shore next morning and took terrible wengeance upon everybody they found for the slaughter of their companions. According to others, however, they were believers in discretion being the better part of valor, and accordingly set sail at full speed down the bay as so soon as they heard the guns of the Hunt brothers open fire upon the "regiment" down to a small scouting party. Although the story does not figure in any of the local histories, some respectability must be attached to it from the fact that it is, albeit tersely, referred to in the old vestry records of the parish.

From the frequency of the records reporting appropriation of topsend for the purpose of the almost of the pringuage and tone as were the unoual for the purpose, or it may have been the crude

THE PRATT RESIDUARY ESTATE. Decision That It Must Go to the Shephar and Enoch Pratt Hospital.

BALTIMOBE, Md., July 23.-Judge George Sharp, in Circuit Court No. 2, to-day delivered an oral opinion on the litigation over the Enoch Pratt-Shephard Asylum bequest to the effect that the Shephard and Enoch Pratt Hospital, the new name of the asylum, is entitled to the \$1,000,000 residuary estate of the late Enoch Pratt. The decree was as follows:

"The four cases involved are consolidated The Shephard Asylum is entitled to the Pratt bequest. The executors of the Pratt estate are entitled to have the estate administered in this court, and the receivers appointed are therefore discharged. The bill of the next of kin claiming the residue of the estate is dismissed. Judge J. D. Cross and W. Irvine Cross, who, with Abner McKinley, brother of President McKinley, represent all the suitors for the residue of the estate, announced their intention of appealing. The will of Mr. Pratt, who died over a year ago, after providing liberally for his relatives, bequeathed a \$1,000,000 real due to the Shephard Asylum on condition that its name be changed to the Shephard and Enoch Pratt Hospital. The last Legislature so amended the charter of the institution after a spirited contest, in which charges were made on both sides to the effect that money was being used to affect legislation. Meantime suits for the residue had been instituted by the Massachusetts relatives of Mr. Fratt, who had been made the alternative legatees in the residuary clause of the will.

unry clause of the will.

As aut was also instituted by the next of kin,
Isaac Pratt, Jr., of Boston, Mass., and Mrs.
Susauna E. Tobey of Wareham, Mass., the tesstator's brother and sister. These complications
caused suits by the trustees of the hospital for
the conveyance to them of the residue under
the authority of the will and legislative enact
ment, and a suit by the executors of the estate,
Messrs. James A. Gary and Arnold S. Hyde, for
adjudication of all the claims by the Circuit

Messrs. James A. Gary and Arnold S. Hyde, for adjudication of all the claims by the Circuit Court.

The grounds on which the residuary clause was attacked, which were the same in all the suits, were that Mr. Fratt's will attempted to create a trust that cannot be enforced, and a perpetuity and a trust in favor of a class of obneficiaries, the ludigent insane, too indefinite to ask the enforcement of the trust in their favor. It was also claimed that Moses Shephard, the founder of the asylum, did not leave his fortune to found a charity hospital, but an institution distinctly different in character. A letter written by Mr. Shephard to the trustees of the asylum on Jan. 15, 1865, was quoted in the bill of complaint in support of this allegation.

SOCIAL DOINGS AT NEWPORT. Attentions Paid to the Count of Turin by the Cottagers.

WOODCHUCKS AS THEY ARE. HIS ABIDING PLACE IS EFERTWHERE

New England Is His Paradise, the Most Delightful Part of Which Is New Hampshire -Bounty Laws of States-Connecticut's Woodchuck Dogs-Devices to Kill Them.

AND RIS WAYS ARE WILY.

CHENTER, N. Y., July 23.-A person will have travel far in this land of ours if he is seeking a spot where the woodchuck has no abiding place. The woodchuck is the ground hog of local nomenclature, although the creature is in no way allied to the swine family. The woodchuck is of the same family as the rat, the squirrel, the prairie dog, the hare, the guinea pig. the beaver in short, it is of the order rodentia (gnawers), "characterized by having two large incisors in each jaw, separated from the molars by a wide space and having enamel on their front surface only, so that their posterior border being worn away more than their ante-

rior edge, they am always kept set like a chisel." The prairie dog is the woodchuck's pearest relative, for the prairie dog isn't a dog any more than the woodchuck is a hog. While New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania are garden spots for the woodchuck, some of the New England States, notably New Hampshire and Connecticut, are its paradise. In New Hampshire the woodchuck long ago forced the State to recognize it as an important factor in the political and domestic economy of the Commonwealth, for, more than a decade ago, the woodchuck's efforts in auticipating the farmer in the gathering of his clover crop, his turnips, his cabbages, and many other of his products, led to investigation that startled the economists among the local statesmon. Amateur statisticians became interested in the subject. Based on careful estimates from the average wookehuck habitat, a census of the busy rodent was taken in the State and the number was found to be on an inside total estimate, 470,000 in round numbers, although actual figures made the number

It was floured by a New Hampshire student of economies that one healthy woodchuck-and there are no unhealthy ones-would consume. between May 1 and Sept. 1 of any year, 500 pounds of red clover alone, first and second crops. It was easy then to demonstrate by figures, which are proverbial for their arbitrary fealthy to the truth, that if one woodchuck confiscated 500 pounds of clover in a season 470,-000 woodchucks would do the same to 235,-000,000 pounds, the equivalent of 117,500 tons. At the rock-bottom price of \$8 a ton it was shown that the annual tribute levied on the hay fields of the patient New Hampshire husbandman amounted to the snug sum of \$705,-000 a year.

There was no apparent way of getting around those figures, and the woodchuck at once became the vital issue in New Hampshire politics. The farmers declared that the State must come to their aid by placing a substantial bounty on woodchuck scalps, so that interest in removing the burrowing clover stealer might be so quickened that suppression if not extinction of the wary animal would result. Others held that it was the farmer's duty to rid his farm of its pests himself-"skin his own woodehucks," as one sententious layman expressed it-and not depend on the people at large to do it for him. Then there arose the Bounty and the Anti-Bounty-on-Woodchucks parties in local politics, and, it is hardly necessary to say, the inti-bounty men were routed.

At the first session of the Legislature after the woodchuck issue came into the affairs of the State the suppression of the woodchuck was the paramount question for consideration. A bill fixing a bounty of 25 cents a head on voodchucks was introduced, but a compromise bill, by which the price to be placed on the head of the woodchuck was made 10 cents, was accepted and passed. Since then the returns from the various county treasuries have shown that the average annual kill of woodchucks in New Hampshire on which bountles have been paid is 125,000. This is a goodly number, but

paid is 125,000. This is a goodly number, but it nevertheless leaves a good working wood-chuck majority of 345,000 a year to contest with the farmer for his crops.

"And that is about as near as they will ever come to putting down the woodchuck," says an Orange county (N. Y.) farmer, who annually removes many of the pestiferons little beasts from his farm, although New York State does not take such paternal care of her husbandmen as to pay them for clearing their own farms of woodchucks. "It isn't an easy matter, even, to keep the woodchucks number within ordinary bounds when these animais once colonize on your farm. Besides the protection their willy and cautious nature agsures to them. ordinary bounds when these animals once colonize on your farm. Besides the protection their wily and cautious nature assures to them, the female woodchuck brings forth two families of young a year, of from six to eight in each family. The young mature quickly and become parents before the first year. Thus two woodchucks starting in one year may have seventy or more descendants to begin the second's year campaign."

The woodchuck is shy and suspicious, constantly on the watch for possible danger, and

scont, or more acute of hearing than this busy burrower. A man with a gun cannot get within range of woodchucks feeding in a field or pested at the entrance to their burrows. They are sily of a gun, and know one as far away as a crow does. The woodchuck rarely goes more than ten yards from its burrow to feed, and with every mouthful it crops it rises on its hanches and scans the surroundings on every side, holding its head high in the air and sampling every seent that is borne to it. At the first intimation of danger it receives, either by sight or scent, the woodchuck scampers to its hole and disappears into it with a chuckle, to remain there, with the tip of its ness just far enough out to keep it informed of what is going on, as long as there is the least suspicion of danger still lurking near.

dog doesn't make any mistake like that. He waits patiently until the woodchuck has got at least as far away from the hole as he is himself. Then he charges from his hiding place, not at the woodchuck, but for the woodchuck's hole.

hole.

The woodchuck has heard or seen of scented the dog the instant the dog left his ambush, and breaks wildly for the burrow, woodchuck invariably goes for its hole whe alarmed, no matter what may stand betwee itself and the hole. The dog always gets ther in time to meet the game, and although the woodchuck is a florce and gamy fighter, the dog knows all its weak possits, and soon sink his teeth through the rodent's neck, and the fight is over.

woodehuck is a flerce and gamy fighter, the dog knows all its weak posits, and soon sinks his teeth through the rodent's neck, and the fight is over.

"The genius of the Connecticut woodehuck dog shines in his subsequent proceedings. He throws the woodehuck over his shoulder, trots home with it, and places it on the back stoop, calls his master's attention to it, and trots away after more woodehuck. In the Connecticut towns where there is a bounty on woodehucks these dogs are of great service to their owners, as it is no uncommon thing for a single dog to capture and early home as many as 100 woodehucks in a month.

"I had a greyhound ones, though, that developed a higher order of genius as a woodehuck destroyer than the best Connecticut woodehuck dog I ever saw. The woodehuck dog I referred to belonged to me. His name was Buster—and he was a buster, too. The greyhound was a year old when I got him, and every time Buster brought a woodehuck in the greyhound was a year old when I got him, and every time Buster brought a woodehuck dog was extremely patronizing to the greyhound, for he felt his greatness. One day Buster had brought in an unusually large woodehuck, and the greyhound wondered more than ever. Not iong afterward he was missed, but he came back toward noon with a woodehuck, which he laid on the stoop, to the utter and unconcealed amazement of Buster, who had been taking a recuperative snooze. Again the greyhound disappeared, and came back before long with another woodehuck. That disturbed Buster so much that he showed his teeth to the greyhound, something he had never done before.

"The old dog went out that afternoon, though, and got a big woodehuck, and that seemed to restere his equanimity. Next day, however, he miscalculated the tactice of a woodehuck soon afterward. This was more than but came home with one of his ears torn nearly off his head. The grayhound brought in a woodehuck soon afterward. He pitched into the greyhound and gave him a licking that laid him up three days. And there and then B

licking his rival, and then rested on his record. In southern Fennsylvania, where the woodchuck is unpleasantly abundant, farmers have adopted a novel method of killing the willy animal, and it comes about as near abuting the nuisance as anything can. Bottles are filled powder, long fuses being inserted in the corks. The bottles are pushed as far as possible into the woodchuck burrows and then the mouth of the burrow is closed and tightly tamped with dirt. The fuse is ignited and the explosion that follows is severe enough to kill every woodchuck in the burrow. Unsophisticated farmers often think they see an easy way of getting rid of woodchucks by closing up the burrows by filling dirt and stones in the opening. This is labor entirely lost, for the woodchuck that finds himself thus made a prisoner in his home at once starts in and digs a way out to liberty, either through the obstructed opening or in another direction.

A few years ago a Sussex county farmer's genins led him to adopt an entirely original and, as he asserted, offective method of cleaning out woodchucks from his farm. One day he stumbled upon a land turtle fin one of his fields and he amused himself in a rather crucil way by lighting matches and holding them close to the tail of the turtle to see how it hurried the reptile on its way. This gave the farmer an idea. He made the turtle captive, got a ball of candle wick, saturated if with kerosene, fastened it to the turtle's tail with a piece of wire two feet long, placed the turtle at the entrance of a woodchuck's burrow and touched a match to the kerosene-soaked hall of cannile wick. The inflammable stuff blazed up instantly. The turtle feet the heat and at once started to get away from it, and dived into the woodchuck burrow. The burning brand followed it, and the turtle kept right on into the underground passage, trying to escape. The farmer, armed with a heavy club, stood at the mouth of the burrow, waiting results. He had we have the farmer severe such as twoodchucks dend at the entrance. If

never been. It have been. The idea is all right," the farmer declares to day, "but turtles is too scarce to keep it workin'."
The result of this farmer's success at destroying woodchucks by means of turtles and burning candle wick was published in the newsiglow! The result of this farmer's success at destroying woodehucks by means of turties and burning condie wick was published in the newspapers, and in time met the eye of a farmer out in Steuben county, who had been bothered greatly by woodehucks. He resolved to give the thing a trial himself. He succeeded in gesting a turtie, and he turned it loose into a woodehuck burrow, dragging the bail of fire after it. The farmer had armed himself with an axe, and when the turtie went down into the ground with the bluze behind it he raised the axe and braced himself to smite the woodehucks as they came trooping in terror from the hole. A long time passed. No groundhog appeared. The farmer lowered his axe to rest his arms. He had no sooner done so than out of the hole a woodehuck rushed like a flash, and it was a flash, too, for the wire that had held the blazing ball to the turtie was fast to the woodehuck somewhere, and the dazzling firebrand was sailing along after him like a hot-air balloon.

The farmer bad been cutting his wheat the field near by. Away the terrifled woodehuck dashed as fast as its loping gait would let it and plunged into one of the stacks of wheat, evidently thinking to hide from its blazing pursuer. Instantly the dry straw was after, and the woodehuck rushed out of the burning stack and wormed itself into the stack next to it. This one was immediately nollaze, and away the woodehuck raced for another stack, the incendiary ball of candle wick in close pursuit. And thus this woodehuck applied the torch, so to speak, to a dozen or more of the farmer's stacks of golden grain before the ball of fire exhausted itself. The last seen of the woodehuck it was making the best time it could toward a woodehil and mile away. Whatever became of it or how the fire ball became detached from the turtle and mile amile away. Whatever became of it or how the fire ball became detached from the turtle and stached to the woodehuck is not of his season's wheat crop.

and attached to the woodchuck the larmer never knew. But in ridding his farm of that one woodchuck he lost a good share of his season's wheat crop.

The flesh of the woodchuck is not of a quality or flavor that commends it to the palate of the average man, and if it is not carefully and properly prepared for cooking it becomes positively offensive. In the Pennsylvania Dutch counties, however, especially Lancaster and Berks, the cooking and serving of woodchuck has been reduced to a culinary science, and "groundhog lunches" are among the favorite dishes of the epicure there. Under the manipulation of the thrifty housewives and careful restaurateurs thereabouts the woodchuck becomes a morsel that the most fasticlous gournet cannot treat with contempt. The tenderest and sweetest broiled chicken is not superior to "groundhog. Lancaster style."

Another use to which the woodchuck is put is that part of Pennsylvania cannot be recommended as highly as the cooking of it. The animal is taken alive by patient and expert trappers and is kept for a sport similar to the once-favorite English sport of badger baiting. Dogs are trained purposely for this. They are either unbroken bird dogs or dogs that are a cross between a foxhound and a beaglehound. These baiting matches are said to rival the flercest encounters between blooded buildogs, for the woodchuck, when cornered, is a terrible antagoniat. If once it thrusts its long, rodent teeth into a dog they pass clear through and lock into the fiesh, and the hold can be broken only by tearing the flesh away. If takes a good dog to master a woodchuck in these matches, and more than one good one has been known to be killed by a woodchuck before it itself met its fate.

Custom Tallors Demand Free Shops.

Custom Tailors Demand Free Shops.

The members of the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America, composed of custom tailors, will on and after Oct. 1 demand "free shops." which and after Oct. I demand free shows.

At present journeymen who work for employing custom tailors must supply their own sitting rooms. Most of the work is done at the homes of the workers or in little rooms repted by four or five men who club together for that purpose. The journeymen want the employers to provide the shops.

Two Drowned at Peekskill.

PEREMILL, N. Y., July 23 .- Morris Conkiln, a truckman, 45 years old, was drowned in the Hudson River to-day while trying to save 10year-old Thomas Guggerty. The boy had gone in swimming near Smith's dock. Conklin heard his cries for help and dove after him. The boy causht him around the neck, and they both sank. The bodies were recovered later. Conklin leaves a wife and seven children.

WOODCOCK TIME HAS COME.

GUNNERS ARE HAVING SPORT IN IL-LINOIS COPERTS. Plenty of Birds and Some Wonderful Dogs, if You Believe the Sportsmen-Pursuit of the Woodcock in the South-A Run-

ter's Idea of the Way to Cook the Birds. CHICAGO, July 22.—The woodcock season has opened. Birds are plentiful. Dogs and gunners have had a long rest. All along the Fox. Illinois, and Kankakee rivers the double barreis are cracking. They used to bellow, but that was in the old days before the invention of the nitro powders. Now they have a spiteful snap, which sounds like nothing at all to oldfashloned sportsmen, who like to hear the gun.

The woodcock country of Illinois is difficult. It is marshy and grown up with underbrush. Tall willows fringe the streams or spring from the damp places. It is a rare thing when the shooter gets fifty feet of clear space in which to centre his bird. Generally the quarry is in open, unobstructed sight for not more than twenty feet. In consequence, it is almost wholly snap shooting. The gun is pitched to the shoulder and fired in the tenth part of a second, and the woodcock goes on about his some seamingly honeless tangle of bushes. reeds and willows, and the nicest art of the retriever is needed. It takes an old hand-a very old hand-to lose cock after cock in this way with never a crease of the forehead or tightening of the lips. The only man in Chicago who has ever reached the point where a long day of disaster is a subject for mirth is Rolla Organ of the Macksawba Club, who went to the Kankakee on July 15, the opening day, exploded thirty-six cartridges, lost thirty-six hirds and has not got through smiling over it yet. Mr. Organ, however, is a philesopher of so subli-mated a kind that he is running for Congress as a Democrat in a district that is Republican by 15,000 and he is having a good time doing it. In a topographical way Illinois is possibly the most uninteresting State in America. It

has not a decent hill in it. It is prairie from

end to end, and a prairie country is proverbially the hottest in summer and the coldest in winter. The sun beats down upon the open these days and is thrown back from the broad surfaces in lines of quivering haze. An egg would roast in the sand. No man has ever had the nerve to hang a thermometer where the rays could get at it. Along the rivers, however, a slow breeze almost always blows and a damp coolness rises from the shaded black soil underneath the willows. It is breathless sport at best, but it is endurable when sheltered from the scorching shafts of heat. Sometimes the sportsmen of Cook county hunt the woodcock with cocker spaniels, the dog of dogs for the pursuit, but oftenest they use pointers or setters. The latter are the better for the purpose. since their heavy coat gives them more protection from the briars, and there is plenty of water for their thirst. Per contra, they become overheated more easily, and under this condition their seent is not so good as that of the pointers. The cover is so thick that the shooter cannot see dog half the time. As the animal is supposed to be trained and will not flush when his point is made, a small bell is hung about his neck. When the bell stops tinkling the owner knows that his dog has found game. He pushes his way cautiously through the undergrowth and finds him maybe lying still in a mudhole with his tongue hang ing out. Then things grow warmer. If there really is game there the man with the gun steps as if on eggshells. Slowly and more slowly he moves. He is in front of the dog now-five, ten, fifteen feet. The scoundrel is lying. That's what's the matter with him. He didn't do this last season. Must have been spoiled by folks on the street. A half hour of whip will do him good. Whir-r-r-r! A brown object that seems as big as a balloon bounds thirty feet straight into the air, then whirls to the left and is gone. In the hundredth part of a second it has decreased from balloon size to occount size, from cocount size to base-ball size, then to walnut size, then to pinkead size, then to nothing. The gun has gone off somebow, and light green willow leaves have fallen to the ground. The dog, which has charged as a dog should, with his lead between his news, glances up reproachwhich has charged as a dog should, with his head between his paws, glaneos up reproachfully. He is caked with mud from foot to backbone. He is scratched by briars. Saliva trickles steadily from his open jaws. His extended tongue is a fiery crimson. He is too hot to think. Dog talk cannot express his disgust. He sees nothing in it for him or any one else, but he gots up and limps on, determined to give his worthless master one more chance.

eise, but he gets up and limps on, determined to give his worthless master one more chance, then jump the reservation.

The chance comes near a little spring that gushes from under the rotting roots of a sycamore. The ground about it is dark and marshy. It is filled with little round holes from which worms have been extracted. The bushes grow sparsely here, and there is some grass. The bell ceases its thin jungle. The doc-form is rigid as an iron bar and the eyes The bell ceases its thin jangle. The rm is rigid as an iron bar and the eyes ke molten gold. The banner-tail waves dog-form is rigid as an iron bar and the eyes glow like molten gold. The banner-tail waves slowly to and fro, the legs are planted far apart and the sensitive pink nostrils expand and contract within an inch of the ground, drinking draughts of a perfume that is not tangible to human olfactories, but is attar of roses to the dog. Once again the bird thunders up almost between the feet of his pursuer, but there is no willow thicket and he goes straight away. The gun cracks behind him and he pitches forward from a height of twenty feet, turning over and over. As he lies upon his back, with his slender legs drawn up close to the body, he seems all bill and creast. Indeed, the rich mottled chest of him sticks out like the front clevation of a pouter pigeon. There is flesh beneath the beautiful feathers, much of it, the richest, tenderest, juiclest, most delicious of all flest. The man with the gun picks up the dead thing and rubs it against his dog's nose.

"Aha!" he says, "you woolly fraud! Thought the old man was out of it, did you! What do you think now eh? Ain't, I one of 'em, eh?

picks up the dead thing and rubs it against his dog's nose.

"Aha!" he says, "you woolly fraud! Thought the old man was out of it, did you! What do you think now, eh? Ain't I one of 'em, eh? Ain't I the whole thing, eh?"

The dog's eyes gleam with joy. He is stiff with dirt and tired, but he essays a gambol. He would like another smell of that delightful bird, and gets it. He utters three short, tremulous barks, which say more plainly than printed words can: "There can be no possible doubt whatever that of all masters this master is the most excellent and agreeable. He is also the best shot in the world. I am fortunate to be permitted to go about with him sometimes, though I would like to go oftener." The man with the gun looks at him as he stuffs the woodcock into his shooting coat and pauses. "Just like a woman," he says. "If his brain were as big as his heart he would own me." Chicago sportsmen tell tales of invaluable pointers lost along the Fox and Kankake rives. The bells stopped tinkling: the dogs could not be found; they were too stanch to break; they starved miserably to death waiting for owners who never came; their erect skeletons were found five seasons after, a little hine still clinging to the frames, their heads still difficult for a man at this season to obtain forty shots in a day's hunt. If he bags a dozen and a half of woodcock he has no right to be cross. Later on the birds will become shyer and scarcer. By the middle of August it will be difficult to flush more than a dozen on a ten hours' tramp. Early in September they all fly southward. They winter in South America in swarms. Great shooting is had along the Orinceo. Thousands of birds, however, stop in our Southern States and may be shot on any and sy between Oetober and March in Mississipp! Louisiana, and Texas.

In the low-lying lands of East Feliciana parish, Louisiana, the negroes sing this song: Ole Mr. Weedcock, shine 'in in de eye—

Ole Mr. Woodcock, cotton am high; Ole Mr. Woodcock, shine im in de eye— Ole Mr. Woodcock, did you an-asp, Dol you sa-asp "Good Lord!"

Ole Mr. Woodcock, shine 'in in de eyeOle Mr. Woodcock, did you sa-asy."

Did you sa-asy "Good Lord!"

It was made by a thing of shreds and patches whose name tradition holds not, and it illustrates the manner in which one of the noblest, most toothsome and sarree of game birlis is butchered by the Africans and 'Cadian Fronchmen in that part of the country. Down there the woodcock is a night feeder. Being gifted with a bill of enormous length, he bores into the ground in search of the worms that are his diet. He has a round head and large, very bright eyes. After dark he is found in the fields between the rows of denuded cotton stalks, where the ground is always damp and soft. The negroes hunt him, just as a deer is sometimes hunted, with a big daming brazier of pine knots. They "skinne" the eye of the bird not more than three inches away. He is blinded, and his three inches away. He is blinded, and his three inches away is the bird not more than three inches away. He is blinded, and his three inches of bill is in the carth. A thimbleful of powder and a pinch of No. 10 shot do the rest. When Mississippi steamers iand at Baton liouge the French and negroes board them wreathed round with dead woodcock, which they can becase. The birds are strung through the neck on heavy twine that has a bagging needle at one end of it. The ends are united, a loop is formed, sometimes six feet long, and this is thrown across the shoulders. It is picture-sque enough, but it makes a sportsman indignant. The birds are should to the stewards at a cents apiece. In Chicago they are snapped up at \$5 a dozen.

The woodcock is singular in one respective female is much larger than the male. They preed early in the spring, going north of the St. Lawrence, but, like the jacksnipe, they have been known, in rare instances, to rear young in this latitude. The female lays from four to five eggs and is sespecially careful of her brood, whose members are plump, downy

things, not unlike Leghorn chickens just out of the shell. At one time there was an idea preva-

things, not unlike Leghorn chickens just out of the shell. At one time there was an idea prevalent, not only among shotgun people but also among naturalists, that the woodcock crossed the Atlantic each year, going to Engiand to make, and returning in the midsummer. He is a strong flyer, but not equal to the trip. The bird has another peculiarity—his call to his mate is a soft wooling gurgle, but he cannot utter it while on the ground. He tries it sometimes, but his bill drops to earth and his tall titls spasmodically up. This eccentricity came up for discussion at the last meeting of the C. C. I. A. G. H.—Cook County Independent Association of Good Hunters—commonly known as the Cook County Industrious Aggregation of Game Hogs, and Most Supremo Worthy Custodian Mitchell expressed regret that some human singers were not similarly afflicted. The woodcook's mild cluck-cluck when feeding has been translated by the negro into Good Lord, and it is supposed to be a prayer for womas.

Taken by and large, this bird furnishes more difficult shooting than anything that flies over American soil. This is due partly to his habits, which except at night, keep him in thick woods, swamps and canebrakes, and partly to his flight, which is rapid and spiral. The bird is easily stopped when centred, but the centring process has its drawbacks. Of all guns, the 16-gauge is preferable. The woodcook is killed nearly always at short range, and the lack of weight of this weapon enables one to handle it quickly. The barrels should be cylinder-bored. In the South the quarry is found in the canebrakes, which grow to a height of forty feet. The cocker spaniel is used. This small hunter velve continually. His size, or his lack of weight of this weapon enables one to through places that would stop the pointer or setter. The shooter must be on the alert as the birds are routed out in front of him, at his back or on either side, as chance may direct. He can hear only the burr of the wings and the clears the top of the cane dives immediately. It t

difficulty. In those latitudes the dark seems literally to fall from the sky, and shooting time is brief.

According to Mr. Organ, Congressional candidate and Keeper of the Great Seal of the Macksawba Club, there is but one way in which to cook woodcock. He has been shooting at them for thirty years, and says that he cought to know. This is his recipe, taken stonographically in the big gun room of the club down on the Kankakee the evening of July 15, when the day's missing had ended and dinner had been eaten and julep time had come:

Take a deep earthen dish large enough to held four. Ya-as, four woodcocks. I said 'woodcocks,' didn't I? You fellows ain't as funny as a funeral. They will be just enough for you. If your wife likes woodcock, get another dish. Lay them in the bottom on their backs. Put in enough water, some butter, sait and pepper to the taste and add a strong dash of good Madeira. Needn't be particular to put it down good 'Madeira. There ain't any bad. Put on a flaky crust and let the four bills stick up through the centre. Bring me another julep. Bake 'em slowly. Don't be in a hurry. Don't let the crust get broken. You want to keep the steam in. Funny thing you can't get straws without slifs in 'em. Take 'em out of the oven when the crust is brown. Be careful. Cut a circular hole in the crust sort of makes you feel more like doing business. Lift the birds out by their legs, pour the gravy over 'em and take some of the pastry. That's all you want to know. I never could learn that steward to keep from bruisin' the mint."

WATCH ON A KLONDIKE HOARD. Two Brothers Sitting On a Treasure from Dawson to Philadelphia.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 23.-The steamship Garonne, which arrived at Victoria this morning with 160 passengers from St. Michael transferred 113 of them to the steamer City of Kingston, and they reached here this evening They left Dawson on July 1 on the Youkon River steamer Seattle No. 1 with nearly half a million of treasure. They paid \$20,000 in gold dust to the purser of the Garonne for passage

down from St. Michael. Nothing definite can be learned of the amount of gold in the party. The miners have made their statement at Dawson to the Gold Commissioner, paid their royalties, and got off as easily as possible and now they propose to stand by the statement, Dr. D. W. Ward, who has been in charge of the hospifal at Dawson City, says that there are many passenge:s with large quantities of gold and many who are coming out broke. H. N. Jacobson of Sacramento, Cal., has \$55,000, and was probably the argest single holder of gold dust on the boat.

A story is told of two Philadelphia brothers who were among the Garonne's passengers. They are reported to have \$70,000 each in dust. All the way down on the steamer they took turns at guarding the treasure, standing

turns at guarding the treasure, standing watches of six hours each. They refused to put the gold in the steamer's safe, but in turn sat on it day and night all the way. They said they were going to carry it to the Philiadelphia mint, would take turns guarding it on trains, and would not let it out of their sight for one moment from Dawson City to Philadelphia.

Edward Aylward, who spent five years on Forty. Mile Creek, was among the passengers on the Garonne. He was one of the few who remained there when the reports of the fabulous wealth at the Klondike reached the camp, and as a result he returns with nearly \$50,000 in Forty Mile dust taken from a claim on Napoleon Guich. During the winter about forty men mined at Forty Mile and all did well. He says that a large number of claims were abandoned in the mad rush to the Klondike, and many of them will yield handsomely with proper working.

FRIESLAND ARRIVES DISABLED. She Limped in Several Days Late Because of a Break in Her Shaft.

The Red Star steamer Friesland, which broke er shaft at sea on July 14, got in yesterday morning with all well on board and a pretty ood record to her credit for the last miles of her trip, considering her crippled condition.

The Friesland left Antwerp on July 9 with eighteen first cabin, thirty-six second cabin, and 229 steerage passengers. On the morning of July 14 the thrust shaft broke. The ship was hove to at once, and the engineers went to work to repair the damage. The low-pressure engine was disconnected and the broken parts of the shaft were bound together with a heavy clamb, which was wound with a strong wire cable. It took about twenty-five hours to do this and the Friesland then proceeded under her other live cylinders. She came in at a seven-knot gait.

Capt. Kickels said that the passengers were not at all disturbed when informed of the accident and took the delay good naturedly. The passengers gave three cheers for Capt. Nickels as they left the ship at her dock yesterday. was hove to at once, and the engineers

The Weather.

The high pressure area covered the New England and middle Atlantic States, with the centre east up the coast line, causing easterly winds, cloudiness and high humidity in this section, the New England

and south Atlantic States.

There was an area of low pressure over all the northwest and central States east of the Bocky Mountains, attended by showery conditions; heavy showers were reported in Montana and the Dakotas. This depression is preceded by a warm wave, which has caused the temperature to run up to between 92° and 100° in Kansas, Nebrasha, Iowa, Missouri, and in Texas and the Arkansas Valley. The warm wave is moving slowly eastward.

In this city there was a light aprinkle of rain to the early morning, and the day was generally clouds; average humidity 82 per cent; wind northeasterly average velocity 10 miles an hour; highest official temperature 72°, lowest 66°, barometer, edrrected to read to sea level, at 8 A. M. 80 20, 8 P. M. 80,25. The thermometer at the United States Weather Bu

read registered the temperature yesterday as follows
 5 A. M.
 0.85°
 7.5°
 0.P. M.
 1898.
 1897.

 2 A. M.
 0.85°
 7.5°
 0.P. M.
 70°
 6µs

 2 M.
 0.08°
 0.P. M.
 0.08°
 0.08°

 3 P. M.
 71°
 81°
 12 Mid.
 0.08°
 0.7°
 WASHINGTON PORECAST FOR SURDAY.
For Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut. loudy, with showers near the south coast; easterly

showers and thunderstorms in northern partion; south For eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, partly

cloudy, with s'inwers near the New Jersey locast; cast erly winds. For the District of Columbia, Delaware and Maryland, fair, easterly winds, belo ming southerly.

For western New York, western Pennsylvania and
Ohio, fair, except showers near the lakes; light east

A HUMAN SANDWICH'S ENCOUNTER WITH AN ARAB.

Power of the Lever Exhibited Upon the Sandwich Man Bottling Up of the Arab -Each Combatant Awaiting Reinferce-ments-Arbitration from Wall Street. Somebody had dropped a snipe in the gutter. It was a very superior snipe, fully two-thirds of a cigar, in fact, and a fat cigar at that. Anybody might have been forgiven for coveting that snipe. Two persons did covet it simultaneously and set about making it their own. One was an ordinary street arab, thin, keeneyed, charp-faced, and impudently confident of his ability to take care of himself, a confidence doubtless bred by a long and varied course of training on the sidewalks of New York. To him the snipe meant temporary luxury and the delicious envy of his companions, or if it was particularly good he might even sell it for a couple of cents to some high-living panhandler. The other observer of the fallon cigar was a

human sandwich some degrees raised. In other words, he carried the boards, which in former times would have encompassed him as a book is bounded by its covers, above his head attached to a pair of long and supple supports, this being, in the mind of the proprietor of "Smiker's Soleless Boots," a more effective way of catching the attention of the public than the older device. The standard was a long and heavy one, and its bearer moved wearily under it, though the weight was ingeniously distrib-uted between the shoulders and the belt by a contrivance of braces. By right this sign should have kept to Broadway, along the line of greatest resistance, but the bearer had wan-dered off into a side street with the possible intent of sitting down on the curb for a moment of rest. It was here that he saw the snipe fall.

Few witnesses were present, and the beginning of the action which followed is not a matter of accurate information, the principals differing absolutely on the important point of who saw it first. Be that as it may, they arrived at the spot where it lay at almost the same moment, but the boy was the swifter to bend over, the sign-bearer being handicapped in his move-ments by the weight he carried. Just as the arab's fingers were closing the man gave him a shove that sent him staggering backward, and said savagely:
"Get out; that's mine."

said savagely:

"Get out; that's mine."

"Ah, go-o wan," cried the urchin in that peculiar threatening wall so characteristic of his kind. "Go-o wan; what y pushin me fer?"

"Chase yerself," relorted the other, preparing to make a laborious descent to the desired booty. "Don't ginme any of your talk."

"Dat's my snipe," cried the boy. "Y gotta right't leave it be. I seen it first."

"Chase yerself," repeated the sign-bearer with a more threatening accent, as his rival drew nearer, and he made an illustrative motion with a swinging hand.

"Look out." growind the Arab. "Hit me an' I'll but a rock through yer head."

Slowly backing away, he stepped up on the curb, and at that moment the man stooped and seized the cigar. It was done at an unfortunate moment for him, for the end of the advertisement came within reach of the boy where he stood on the superior height of the curb, and, quick to see his strategic advantage, the arab grasped the sign by its very top and bore down until he had it on a level with his walst, and the bearer was forced to his knees, the leverage being too great to stand against. He swore viciously at the boy, threatening a variety of tortures that did as much credit to his imagination as they did little to his disposition. But the arab felt himself now master of the situation and was not in the least disturbed.

"Drop it." he ordered sharply, indicating the snipe.

"Leggo," snarled the man. "I'll cut your

"Prop it." he ordered sharply, indicating the snipe.

"Leggo." snarled the man. "I'll cut your heart out when I get you."

"When y git me," sneered the enemy. "But y'don't git me, y' Spaniard. Drop that snipe." Choking with rage the captive struggled to raise himself, and did succeed in lifting the sign a few inches. A sudden jerk by the arab brought him lewer than he had been before, Reaching around he strove frantically to unbind the bands that held his burden in place, but so cramped was his posture that he could not get at the fastenings. His captor jeered at him.

not get at the fastenings. His captor peered at him.

"Nah, y'don'f," he said. "Dis is de time I got y'done. See? Drop it."

The man crouched and panted. Presently he asked in tones that denoted a desire to arrange surrender with the honors of war:

"What do you want me to do?"

"Drop dat snice an'chase yerself away so fer dat y'can't touch me."

"Legge an'I will." replied the other.

"Oh, yes; I kin see myself lettin' go, Y'wouldn' do a t'ing to me if I let y'go, would yer'."

Yer You can't hold me here all day," said the Yer?

"You can't hold me here all day," said the man.

"Can't 1? Jes' wait an' see. Some o' my gang il be along pretty quick, an' day won't do a t'ing but kick de stuffin' out o' yer."

This presented a very unpleasant possibility, for in the position in which he was held the sign bearer was defenceless to an attack from flank or rear. But he found a retort.

"If a cop comes he won't do a thing to you but pinch you."

Here was a consideration, too. The arab hesitated, and as he did the man with a sudden push sent him backward and almost off his feet. Had he fallen, all would have been up with him, but he managed to keep his footing. So heavy was the impulse, however, that he

with him, but he managed to keep his footing. So heavy was the impulse, however, that he was forced across the walk and against the walk of the building, where his foe squeezed him grindingly, crying:

"Now I'll smash you."

There was plenty of flight in the boy. Recovering himself, he twisted the sign from side to side, wrenching the shoulders of the bearer cruelly and compelling him to give over his crushing tactics. Still the man held the arab against the wall, and now both were in a sense captives. It was merely a question of which would come first, the gang or the con. Meantime the suipe lay in the gutter where the man had dropped it in the fury of his charge and where any passer might pick it up at any moment. This struck both of the combatants at the same time, and as they were both decidedly weary and sick of their respective predicaments they consented to arbitrate. A Wall street man who was passing through the street, and had stoped to witness the curious contest, was called upon to make a decision. To find a ground of compromise was difficult. Each absolutely claimed the snipe as his by right of discovery. Neither was willing to forfeit the right. An idea occurred to the arbitrator.

"I'll put a nickel in this pot," he said, "and one"—

"Gimme the nickel," cried the combatants in

"Gimmethe niekel," cried the combatants in one breath.

So much for that attempt. The referes, convinced that he had the right idea, came down to four cents. Same result. Three cents was just as unanimously preferred to the snipe. But at two cents the arab wavered. He believed that he could get that sum from some panhandler devotee of the weed, and he desired the moral victory of having the snipe. The human sandwich said he would take two cents in lieu of his rights in the matter, but expressed an carnest wish to kick his opponent just once. The referee promptly vetoed that and suggested arcicles of agreement as follows: The man to take two cents and leave the field; the boy to get the snipe and retire with all the honors of war; the combatants to shake hands publicly and depart on their respective ways in peace. After a brief discussion this was agreed to: the sandwich left off sandwiching the arab, who in turn loosed his hold on "Smiker's Soleless Boots." Both drew long breaths of relief, and eyed each other with suspicion.

"Come, shake hands," ordered the referee.
They advanced; slowly and shook hands in a gingerly manner, the boy holding behind his back the snipe which the handed to him upon his agreeing to the articles. Then both backed off.

"Ah-h-h-h, y' big stiff," said the urchin. "y one". Gimme the nickel," cried the combatants in

upon his agreeing to the articles. Then both backed off.

"Ah-h-h-h, y' big stiff," said the urchin, "y' didn't git de snipe, did yer?"

"I'll eatch you one of these days, you little runt," retorted the man, "and I'll make a snipe out of you."

They walked away in opposite directions, leaving the referree to ponder whether arbitration is all that its supporters claim for it.

Silver 60 Cents an Ounce.

The price of allver in the local market yesterday was 60 cents an ounce for the first time since Dec. 7 of last year. This represents we advance of one cent an ounce in three capa. It reflects a strong silver market in Longon It reflects a strong silver market in London, where there has been a squeeze of some of the dealers who are short for July delivery and where Spain has again been a large purchaser of the metal. Bar silver in London yesterday was 27%d, an onnee, against 27%d, on Friday.

Delay on the Broadway Road.

Traffic was delayed for nearly an hour on the Broadway cable road yesterday morning. The rear axle of a large double truck, owned by Charles Hentschel of 1144 Flushing avenue, Brooklyn, broke while crossing Broadway at Cortlandt street, leaving the wagon on the north-bound track. The wrecking wagon was sent for, and, after an hour's work, the tracks were cleared.

Deaf Mute Killed by a Trolley Car.

Michael Decario, 9 years old, who lived with his parents at 149 Borden avenue. Long Island City, was run over and killed by a trolley car is front of his home yestesiay. The boy was de and dumb and did not hear the car bell. If the lives in Finshing.